

Of Interest to Women.

Queen Stella Reads the Hand of Mrs. Theodore Sutro—A Blue Grass Novelist—Marie Studholme as a Photographer's Model.

MANIA FOR VAUDEVILLE.

A Comparison Between London and New York from the Performer's Point of View.

Scientists say that the rage for vaudeville is caused by "nerve spread." It is, in fact, a disease. The gray matter, getting thin, spreads itself. The result is that the attention can be held but a few moments at a time. A fifteen-minute "turn" is about the duration. Hence we have vaudeville.

The social fact is that even a luncheon, a festivity sacred to gossip, is not the correct thing unless mandolin music or wined Hungarian harmonies are served with the menu. Good-looking men from the theatres are brought in at the feminine afternoon teas to sing their latest catching songs, and dancers have their fling at opera supper parties.

One of the recent vaudeville affairs was a breakfast of fifty covers. This was served at small tables, all heaped with roses of different hues, and trimmed with ribbon to match. During each course something different went on. The Misses Keyes sang rattling, lively ditty songs with the fish, and the Misses Leech sentimental plantation melodies with the sweets. The dancers came on the scene with the fruit. Farkon's laughing song has been heard at a number of the smartest afternoon teas, as well as in the "Artist's Model" when played here. Dogberry to the contrary, comparative opinions are interesting, and Farkon, who says he has supped with the Duchess of Teck, and in the company of crowned heads, has been instituting some comparisons that American hostesses will perhaps find valuable. He says that the women smother him here. In London drawing rooms a space is left about the performer. At the London crush teas every one appears to stand, while here he sits. Like other performers from afar, he is set wild by the chatter. At the vaudeville supper given by Mr. and Mrs. P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr., he actually had to stop to give the chattering a chance.

The treatment of vaudeville performers in London differs materially. When a fashionable London woman proposes to secure the services of any feminine entertainer she goes through quite a preliminary performance herself. First she calls on her in friendly fashion and asks her to drop in informally for afternoon tea at her own home at some appointed time. The singer, dancer or recitationist, as the case may be, is made much of, and if she makes a good impression is urged to stay and dine. On the evening of the entertainment she is treated precisely the same as the guests. People are introduced, she enjoys the efforts of the other performers, partakes of the supper, and finally goes home thoroughly pleased.

The contrast to this is the experience of two pretty girls, in demand here as in London, and there is precisely the same as that of the other vaudevillists. Take, for example, one night last week, when they were to dance at a smart affair. When they reached the house they were shown into a tiny room fitted with a small mirror, a table and two chairs. They were told that they would be called when they were wanted. Their dances, as it happened, were before and after other performances. Meanwhile they were evidently expected to retire to their cubbyhole, where they were neither comforted with apples nor stayed with flacons.

The most notable occurrence of this kind was a few years ago, when Mrs. Stevens induced a number of theatrical stars to give their services in the cause of her pet charity. They were to appear in "As You Like It" in the open at Castle Point. The actors, one and all, were much gratified when they received invitations to take luncheon at the house previous to the performance. A very dainty repast was served to them in a room by themselves. Meanwhile her guests were entertained in the dining room. It was said that the thunder and lightning of the storm that spoiled the play was, after all, mild in comparison with that indoors.

The private vaudeville was introduced here some three years ago by the Messrs. Lippard and Stewart and A. Lanfear Norrie when they gave at McCarone a dinner vaudeville at Delmonico's, where they entertained a couple of hundred of their friends.

The impetus this winter was given by Sanford Beattie, the great and only social secretary of the world and of the Brices. During August, while at Newport, he became suddenly impressed with the fact that there was nothing on for the next afternoon. Invitations were immediately sent out to every one for a lawn fete at Mrs. Brice's villa. What Mr. Beattie actually did to accomplish such wonders no one knows. When some 350 of the Four Hundred flocked into the party the greatest show on earth in a compressed condition was in evidence. Acrobats were tumbling in one little section, dancers twirling under a marquee, gypsies grouped about wagons were ready to tell fortunes, and prestidigitateurs made omelets in silk hats. Society was equally amazed and delighted.

J. Lawrence Broese is to give a cafe chantant entertainment next month at his studio. Not only will the performance go on from the stage, but the audience, grouped at little tables, will be expected to appear, much as those who frequent the Champs Elysee cafe chantants do. This has been excellently carried out once before in town.

Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer is to entertain the O. N. Sewing Class on March 20, when Farkon is to appear.

NEWS OF MRS. MOORE.

Mrs. Margaret Moore, who is far and away the most brilliant and entertaining speaker in New York's group of suffrage women, has been abroad for almost a year, and writes from London to a friend that she has "presented herself with the freedom of the city, and spends half her time in taking long tramps through it, hunting up the odd nooks and corners, and tracing the connection, near or remote, between the city's architecture and its various epochs of faith." Recent articles by Mrs. Moore in the Catholic World describe her native Ireland in a fashion to make the whole world fall in love with it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has been forced to acknowledge man as a dressmaker en masse. The possession of two generous pockets, supplied after years of fruitless struggle with modistes, has won even her stony heart.

MARIE STUDHOLME AS A GRECIAN MOTHER.



Miss Mary Studholme is what the artists call plastic. It addition to having a finely proportioned form, regular features, and a well-poised head, she has that instinctive sense of pose which is as valuable as it is rare. It is not incomprehensible that those graces of attitude and attractiveness of presence she shows on the stage should be utilized elsewhere. Miss Studholme is under contract to Downey, photographer to the Queen, to pose for him exclusively. For this privilege he pays her many pounds a year. Miss Studholme has personated all the celebrities of Olympus, the heroines of Virgil and Homer, the Nine Muses, the Three Graces, the notable women of antiquity, and, most celebrated of all, the Madonna with the child in a well-known photograph. In the illustration above she appears as a Grecoan mother, having with her the tiny maiden employed for the same purposes.

SHE WAS SHORT ON SILVER.

She is a good Presbyterian and Scotch, which is to say, a special theological breed. She was on her knees saying her prayers. Her husband, discharging his duties, told that they would be called when they were wanted. Their dances, as it happened, were before and after other performances. Meanwhile they were evidently expected to retire to their cubbyhole, where they were neither comforted with apples nor stayed with flacons.

Handsome Englishwoman—Only fancy! I have found three gray hairs in my hand. Polite Frenchman—So long as they can be counted, madam—they don't count. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said the wax figure lecturer of a dime museum, "is Cleopatra—the same to a dot as her mummy in the catacombs of Rome. She was the most beautiful antique ever dug up, and history tells us Alexander the Great was so charmed of her, he killed himself when she ran away with his friend Brutus."

An appropriate Lenten costume is all black and white. It expresses the sentiment of renunciation at the same time that it is stylish and without sacrificing satisfactory effect. It was a man with an artist's eye who said that the individual who

DESCENDED FROM AN EARL.

When the Marlborough-Churchills begin to patronize the new American Duchess she can tell them she has a trifle of blood something bluer than their own. The first famous Churchill, John, Duke of Marlborough, General by Grace of Queen Anne's friendship for his energetic Sarah, though a fine soldierly and military figure of a man, is not to be set over against the Earl of Stirling, who is Duchess Consuelo's grandfather a good many times removed. It was this Earl of Stirling's daughter, the Lady Margaret, who ran away to America with her new husband, Dr. Murray Forbes, whom she had married in spite of the Earl. From her marriage came sons and daughters, and later a great grandson, Murray Forbes Smith, Esq., who is grandfather to the bride of this latter-day Churchill.

"Strange what awful talkers some men are." "Not at all. They have inherited their mother tongue." Chicago Record.

FOUR COSTUMES NOT TOO GAY NOR YET TOO SAD FOR HOUSEWEAR IN LENT.

just the thing to give a touch of brilliancy without rendering the black and white effect. The great Worth, he who originated the name, declared that, come what might, he would never entirely give up the use of jet. With such an authority to



man is apt to look best in dark colors, it is the ensemble that is enhanced by bright hues. Therefore, the gown of black satin, relieved with white, is said to intensify the wearer's beauty, even while it marks her chastened spirit.

The skirt is many gored and plain; the bodice full and round, with garbure of jet. Jet, by the way, is much in vogue and

vouch for its value, no woman need fear to wear the brilliant trimming, even should Dame Fashion withdraw her present approval.

The fish, too, is pre-eminently in favor just now. Even elaborated with costly lace, it gives a demure effect and helps along that air of unworldliness so much to be sought. Women of perfect necks are

VISITING ETIQUETTE.

How to Be Agreeable Though Visiting.

There are rules for the visitor as well as for the hostess. The one duty is to please and be pleased.

Invitations should be either accepted or declined promptly. If accepted, arrive in time, and at the expiration of the visit depart, unless you are requested to prolong your stay.

Be stone blind, deaf and dumb to all family matters of an unpleasant nature in a household. Be punctual at meals. To be late is a disrespect to your hostess—bad form for yourself.

Never interfere with inferiors when visiting. It is a breach of good manners.

To be constantly correcting your hostess's children will in time make you an objectionable visitor. Mothers resent this.

Always express a willingness to retire at the family bedtime. In your own room you can remain up as long as you choose.

All visitors should recollect that the evenings belong to their host and hostess, and they are expected to add to their enjoyment.

Never take novels or magazines from the bookroom unless permission is asked. When finished return them to their shelves. To ask questions of a private nature is very bad form.

Recollect the host's chair and the host's desk is not to be invaded.

Don't monopolize conversation at meals. A continual talker is a bore.

To leave hats, coats, umbrellas and the like in the best room is an unpardonable offense.

If a pleasure is proposed accept it. You are expected to be entertained.

Be agreeable to all guests, whether you like them or not.

To criticize other people's houses, other people's tables, other people's children is very bad form.

Always ask your hostess what are her plans for the day, and abide by them.

Absent yourself some hours in the morning, so that the mistress of the house will have a chance to settle her affairs. This sort of consideration is appreciated.

Three things are necessary for the visitor who knows the usages of good society: To have her own writing materials, that all letters should be ready when the time comes to collect them, and to pay her own postage.

Don't forget to carry with you extra toilet accessories. Your hostess is not expected to have salves and creams on hand for all her guests.

It is bad form to lounge on sofas all times in the day, reading novels and taking no interest in those around you. You are a visitor, and formally should be observed. Besides, you are expected to be entertaining.

Keep your own room neat. Disorder is most trying to the maid, who will complain of it. The carelessness of a visitor very often has ruined many a fine piece of furniture.

Don't flatter your hostess's husband. It is not in good taste. Wives object to this. Never refuse the church and its services. To decline shows you are a person lacking good manners.

Accept no invitations unless your hostess is consulted. And if she is not invited decline them.

Recollect that the amenities of life are many. But by abiding by them you are saved many trials, many annoyances.

EUGENIE'S FIRST ANCESTOR.

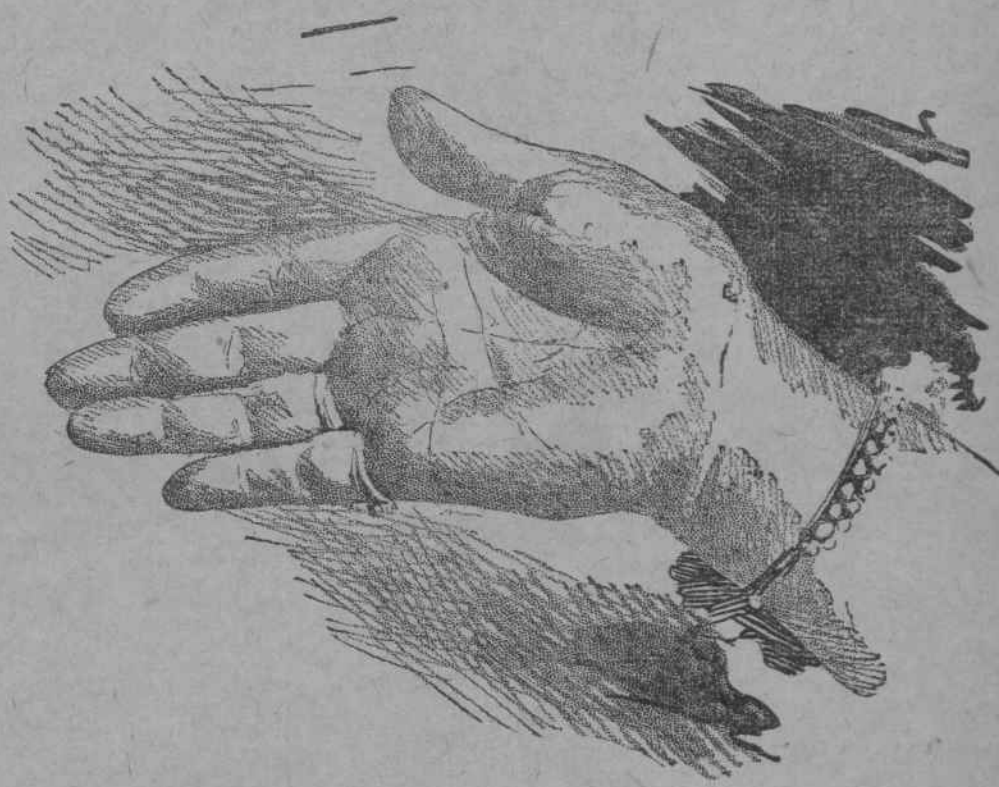
It is not generally known that Empress Eugenie was partly an Irishwoman. Yet upon one side she was descended from an Irish soldier of fortune—there were any amount of them—who made a name and place for himself in the interminable Spanish wars. When there was talk of her marrying the Emperor Napoleon, some of the old nobility sneered at her pedigree. Then came heralds tracing out Irish blood lines until the French authorities in disgust conceded that Eugenie was descended from all the royalties of Ireland back to Brian Boru.

A small girl taken to see Mrs. Cleveland was told she was going to see the "first lady in the land."

"Why, I thought Adam and Eve was the first lady in the land," said the child, better versed in religion than in politics.

CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzalez, to whom has been entrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish pyssies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects.



THE HAND OF MRS. THEODORE SUTRO.

This graceful hand shows an innate knowledge of the affairs of the heart. She has an aptitude for the pleasures of life and her feelings are easily excited, and therefore give a scope to the imagination. She has an eye for the artistic and a developed desire for beautiful things. Hers is a luxuriant good fortune, and it is well, for she aspires after the great and the colossal. She proceeds by inspiration and intuition. She is a little capricious.

A LENTEN SALAD.

A delicious salad, and one eminently suited to the demands of Lent is made of flounder or plaice. As a matter of fact, the two are one, plaice being only the name given the larger fish. For the salad select one weighing at least one pound and a half, for the smaller ones do not yield sufficiently thick portions of meat.

Boil the fish whole in salted water, to which you have added a sprig each of parsley and celery and a bay leaf. Lift it out of the water with care, and when cool lay it on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Pour over it a rich mayonnaise dressing and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg and curled beet.

To prepare the beet, pare it raw. Then with a sharp knife cut thin strips about an inch wide round and round, and drop them into iced water. They will take a brilliant color and will make themselves into curls. The effect of the red with the egg, the yellow dressing and the green leaves is tempting in the extreme. Served with such a dish, the most rigid adherent of the fast need not complain.

CYCLING NOTES.

The question of protection on lonely roads is becoming serious, and many complaints are heard. One rider suggests that the wheel itself is sufficient. If properly managed, and ought to afford a certain means of escape. The rule of riding slowly until close upon the suspicious person and then with a sudden spurt to pass on and away, she has found, works well and satisfactorily. Another advocates the toy pistol, well supplied with caps, and is confident that its sudden appearance will frighten off the most vicious tramp.

Afternoon cycling matches are the latest form of amusement taken up by fashionable Paris. In them both men and women take part, and betting, that surest resource of the Parisian, runs high.

Tandem riders are eagerly discussing the possibility of costumes that are harmonious. Some difficulty is apprehended by such couples as are not bound to one another by any more permanent tie than

that of an hour's ride. Husbands and wives, as well as fiancés and fiancées, however, feel that it can be accomplished, and should be.

Even the Italians have yielded to the charm of the wheel. News comes that it is gaining in favor day by day, and that many celebrities have become enthusiastic cyclists.

Russia makes wheeling difficult, as it does many other apparently harmless things. A woman, in order to ride in the streets, must have a special permit, and that permit is difficult to obtain.

Cycle stealing bids fair to become a profession. Already bands of organized thieves have been formed, and rumor has it the case is even worse abroad. In Paris last week a woman, who had gained slightly on her husband, was dragged off her wheel in the public street, it being supposed that she was unprotected. Fortunately the thief was caught, but the lesson is not the less important for that fact.

IN LENT.

that the waist has had its day; that the coat is its successor. Be that as it may, only time can show; it is welcome, and it marks the continuance of the black silk and satin skirt. Cupiduous as even end-of-the-century women are, that skirt is per-

A BLUE GRASS NOVELIST.

The Blue Grass region of Kentucky has produced much that is interesting and valuable, but none of these take rank in its own eyes with the Blue Grass region's sons



ELEANOR TALBOT KINKEAD.

and daughters. At this moment the daughter claiming most attention is Miss Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. This young woman has just brought out a novel, "Young Greer of Kentucky," a Blue Grass story. It is not her first book. Two years ago she produced "Gaiety and Tide," a book whose scenes and characters, as that of the present book, are conspicuous for their local color. Miss Kinkead is young, pretty and belongs to a family long identified with that region.

ABOUT NOTABLE WOMEN.

Mrs. Francis Fisher Wood has taken up an entirely unique study and is making profit therefrom. She has always been interested in Oriental matters, and has now so far advanced in the Japanese language as to be an authority on poetry and all sorts of art treasures. She is one only woman in this city who can read the mystic symbols, and is known and recognized by every dealer in Japanese curios. Furthermore, Mrs. Wood is often in demand at the Custom House, when an expert opinion is needed, and she has built up a most lucrative business. Her own collection is valued at \$40,000, but serves its best use as a model for less knowing buyers.

Miss Ella Cohen, of Atlanta, holds the position of Registrar of Vital Statistics and clerk for the Board of Health, with credit to herself and her sex. She is declared pompous and polite at the same time, a combination keenly appreciated by those with whom she is thrown. In addition to her popularity as a woman of business, Miss Cohen is bright and attractive, and claims hosts of friends.

Mrs. Alitha Hultz, of Artimus, Ky., has built a church through her own efforts alone. A year ago she made up her mind that a church was a need. She asked help from the miners, but they were poor to a man. Nothing daunted she set to work. She gathered berries, tramped across the mountains and sold them. She raised a pig and a calf and donated them both. In every way in her power she toiled for the good end. Last Fall she begged of the miners again, but this time for work. She met with a ready response. A tract of land was bequeathed. Lumber was given. The little store of savings did the rest. The church is now under roof. Little more has been done, but it is a church which one day will be complete, and Mrs. Hultz has her reward.

GOING ON TO-DAY.

Mrs. William Douglass Sloane gives a dinner to-night.

The first of the series of three lectures in French by Maurice de Manny-Talvande, at the Waldorf, will be given to-day at 4 o'clock. Mons. De Manny-Talvande's lectures last year at Sherry's were well attended and greatly enjoyed. This winter the lectures will be illustrated. According to the cards of admittance these conferences in French are "prepared and arranged with the aid of Mr. Charles Hammond Gibson, Jr." The subjects to be treated are "Upper and Lower Normandy" and "The Influence of Education on Crime in France." The lectures are given under the patronage of such distinguished women as Mrs. Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. James A. Burden, Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. Ward McAllister, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mrs. N. Elsh, Mrs. Eliza Dyer, Jr., and the Marquise De Talleyrand Perigord.

Mrs. Sherwood gives the second of her readings at the Windsor Hotel to-day at 3 o'clock. The subject is "Chastity, the Home of Duc d'Anjou."

manently dear, and news of its continued favor is sure to be welcome to many ears. In spite of the coat, however, the jacket remains. It, too, seems designed for the Oriental stuffs. Such a tiny bit does it require that even costly stuffs appeal to women of moderate means, and it has the rare merit of suiting almost all styles, a fact that in itself is much

these reasons, it is well to consider the coat, and those fascinating labors of lace that fall from the belt to the edge of the skirt.

The coat, it is quite certain, is to be the thing. For its making there are Persian silks and flowered silks enough to turn the most devoted feminine mind toward Spring and Easter gowns. It is whispered